

LENT TERM, 1924



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THE ACADEMITE

An Organ of the Greater Student Body
of the Royal Academy of Music

Vol. 2 No. 1

LENT TERM, 1924

EDITOR
DENYS ERLAM

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Editorial

IT is with sincere regret we say "au revoir" to Miss Betts, our recent Editor. We wish her every success in her new sphere. As most of our readers will have noticed from our announcement on the notice-board in the Hall, we are endeavouring to conform to what appears to be the general wish—namely, that the magazine should be of a lighter and less academic character. It is not an easy job, and, if it is to be successfully accomplished, the practical support of our readers, in the shape of contributions, is necessary. We take this opportunity of expressing the hope that this will be forthcoming. It is intended also to develop the advertising section, in order that the financial side of the publication should be safeguarded; so, when ordering from any of the advertisers in this or any future issue, please mention the magazine. A Correspondence section has been started in this issue, and it is hoped that full advantage will be taken of it. It is open for the discussion of subjects of mutual interest to all of us, and we shall endeavour to obtain for your views official consideration, when necessary. Answers to correspondents will be published in the following number, or will be

sent privately, if so desired, in which case a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Since the publication of the last number of THE ACADEMITE we have all had very startling news indeed; Sir Alexander, after many years of wise and able government, has handed over the reins to Mr. J. B. MacEwen. The announcement was so unexpected that we are still trying to get our breath back. It is hardly possible to imagine the R.A.M. without him. Our "alma mater" has seen many changes since, thirty-five years ago, Sir Alexander assumed control. All we owe to him I suppose we shall never know, but the fine building which now houses the "Academy" stands as at least one tangible piece of evidence of his enthusiasm and keenness for the development of the R.A.M. New as we are to the art of editing, we feel frankly incapable of expressing the regret felt in the Academy at Sir Alexander's decision; but we do assure him that he carries away with him the heartiest good wishes of his past and present students. We shall always feel that he will follow our doings with the same interest that he evinced while he was Principal.

THE EDITOR.

John B. McEwen

JOHN BLACKWOOD MCEWEN was born at Hawick in April, 1868. The son of a clergyman, he was educated at Glasgow High School, and afterwards at Glasgow University, of which he is a graduate in Arts.

While studying for his M.A. he evinced a great interest in music, and, eventually deciding to adopt it as his profession, he came to London, where he received his musical education at the R.A.M. He returned to Glasgow, and from 1896 till 1898 he was Lecturer and Professor of Composition at the Athenæum there. From thence he again came to London, this time in order to join the staff of the R.A.M. as a professor of composition, which position he has held since.

He was appointed to the Board of Management in the summer of 1922.

Among his orchestral works are three symphonies (the best known, perhaps, being the "Solway" in C# minor, performed recently by the Philharmonic under Goossens), three Highland dances, two overtures, and a suite. His choral works include a setting of Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, a scene from Hellas, "The Last Chanty," a comic opera, "The Royal Rebel," and several part-songs. He has also written a sonata for pianoforte, six sonatas for violin and pianoforte, a viola concerto, several string quartettes, and a number of songs. Text-books on Harmony, Composition, Phrasing in Pianoforte Playing, and a work, "Thought in Music," also bear his name.

Academites Past and Present

WE learn that Ifor Jones has been appointed conductor of the students' orchestra of the Loretto College, St. Albans. We hope this is only the beginning of greater things.

Leslie England gave a recital with Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra at Queen's Hall on the 6th of February. A brilliant performance was enthusiastically received by a large audience, who showed their appreciation in no uncertain manner. We think he may congratulate himself on his first orchestral concert.

Manuel Jones is the tenor soloist at a performance of Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "The Bride," by the Worcester Festival Choir.

Heartiest felicitations to Leslie Regan and Nora Stevenson, on their engagement.

Among Academy people recently married we number Cicely Hoyer, and had the pleasure of attending the wedding of Dorothy Pattinson and Hubert Foden-Pattinson on the 4th of March.

News from South Africa reports several very successful appearances of George Tobias with various municipal orchestras.

Desmond Roberts is understudying Bertram Wallis, and playing a small part in Daly's latest success, "Madame Pompadour."

It is rumoured that Ena Grossmith has serious thoughts of coming to the Academy as a student. We shall welcome such a distinguished character actress, and, in anticipation of numbering her as one of us, may we congratulate her on her clever "blue stocking" study in "The Rising Generation," at the Shaftesbury?

Olive Groves is one of the latest Academy brides. She was married in January at St. Thomas's, Orchard Street. The Academy was well represented at the church, and, after the service, the new Olive Chatterton passed through a double row of her old colleagues in the porch, from whom she got a hearty send-off on her honeymoon, to be spent in France.

Jean Pougnet and Betty Humby recently gave an eminently successful joint recital at the Royal Bell Hotel, Bromley. In the programme was included the Ireland Sonata, with which they won the R.A.M. Club Prize last year, the Saint-Saëns D major Sonata, and the Bach E major Sonata. It was well attended, though the railway strike undoubtedly deterred many a brave Academy soul from journeying into the wilds of Kent to hear them. They gave their first joint recital in Town on March 6th, at the Wigmore Hall. Best of luck to them!

Elaine Kidner is touring with Matheson Lang in "The Bad Man" and "The Phantom Ship." She is playing a small part in the latter, and understudying the lead in the former play.

George Therlwall is still with Sir John Martin Harvey.

We had a visit from Jack Ruddock, who has been studying singing in Cologne. He has been very ill indeed, and has gone to South America to recuperate.

Arthur Sandford is repeating his former Paris success in Amsterdam.

The Journey

ONCE upon a time, the Child set out on a journey, and before she had gone very far she came to a signpost. It had two arms; on one was painted "The Royal Road to Learning"; it pointed to a smooth, straight road stretching to a great Shining Mountain in the distance. On the other arm was painted "To Learning," and it pointed to a rough, muddy lane all overgrown with brambles.

The Child sat down and wondered. Presently she saw a boy coming along; he might have been a rather nice little boy, but he looked bored.

"Hallo!" said the Boy.

"How do you do?" said the Child. "Where are you going?" (for she was very curious).

"Oh," said the Boy, "I'm going to the Town of Learning. What's your name, and where are you going?"

"We-ell," said the Child, "I'm not quite sure where I'm going—but my name's Child!"

"Mine's Boy," said the Boy, "and if you aren't going anywhere special, why don't you come along the Royal Road with me? It'll be awfully easy, and, besides, I'm clever, and I'm going to win lots of prizes—they told me I would."

It was a wonderful road! Everything happened just as they wanted it. Sometimes the Boy stopped to play games; he always won, and the Child was very proud of him.

At last, after they had journeyed a long, long time, and the Boy was grown up, they found themselves in a beautiful garden at the foot of the Shining Mountain.

The garden was full of people who looked as though they had been good for a week, and held up as an example to someone who hadn't. They all wore laurel crowns, and, looking up at the Boy, the Child saw that he, too, had one.

"Where is this?" asked the curious Child.

All the people looked shocked. "This is the Town of Learning," they answered.

"But," said the Child, "I thought it was at the top of the Shining Mountain?"

"Hush!" said all the people, very quickly. "The real town is, perhaps—but no one ever goes there. It is too much trouble; besides, this place is much nicer."

"But where is this place?" asked the Child.

"This is the Garden of Self-Satisfaction; but we don't talk about it," replied the people.

"Oh, but I *do* want to go to the top of the Shining Mountain!" cried the Child.

The Child sat up and rubbed her eyes. She was under the signpost again, and a jolly little boy was standing looking at her.

"Hallo, Child!" said the Boy. "I thought you'd never wake up!"

"How do you do?" said the Child. "Who are you, and how do you know my name?"

"O-oh," said the Boy, "I just guessed! I'm Boy, and I'm going to the top of the Shining Mountain. Will you come with me?"

"Ye-es," said the Child; "which road shall we take?"

"Why, the brambly one, of course! What's the fun of going on a straight road? You can see everything before you come to it; that means there'll be no surprises, and that's dull."

So they took hands and set out. It was the most exciting road that ever happened, turning and twisting so you never knew what was coming next. Very often, when the Boy played games, he got all muddy and beaten; but he always laughed and said that he'd win next time. Once they fell into a big pit, and when they got out, and were standing very "gasy" and "shivery" on the edge, the Boy said, "We-ell, it was rather a good thing we fell in there, because now we'll look for pits and things; and if we hadn't fallen into this one, we'd probably have fallen into a worse, and been stuck there all our lives."

But the road was also very beautiful; all the birds and beasts were their friends and talked to them, the flowers and grasses danced for them, and the trees told them the wonderful secrets of the winds, and oh! but they were happy, adventuring, on the way to the Shining Mountain.

At last, after a very long time, they reached the foot of the Mountain, and started to climb. The ground was very rough, and many times they slipped back, but they struggled on, and, when he had enough breath, the Boy whistled to cheer them both.

When they reached the summit, it was night, and everything was beautiful—beautiful—beautiful. All around them was a wonderful melody, as though the stars, large and bright in the vast, dark vault of Heaven, were singing to gladden the world.

The Child looked up at the Boy, and his face was all shining and wonderful; in his eyes the stars burnt again.

He looked down at the Child, and his voice was thrilling with gladness and triumph as he cried, "Now—I will reach the Stars!"

PEGGIE ROBB-SMITH.

* * * * *

The Wail of Manyasinga

(With abject apologies to Longfellow.)

SHOULD you ask me—Why this worry,
 Why this anxiousness and worry,
 Why the jerkings of the heart-beat,
 Why the frowns on many foreheads,
 Why the sweat on all these foreheads,
 Why the puzzling of the brains there,
 With the mumbling of all lips there,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 With their wild reverberations?—
 I will answer, I will tell you.
 From the wilds of Tooting Common,
 From the gentle slopes of Hampstead,
 From the clubs of Southern Afric,
 Come they on this day of worry,
 On this awful day of worry,
 On this fearful day of sorrows.
 As the hands move round the clock-face,
 Many eyes are on the clock-face,
 Many hands, all hot and sticky,
 Turn the leaves of many a booklet—
 Many a thumb-marked, tear-stained booklet
 And the atmosphere of trouble
 All pervades beyond the counter,
 To the countenance of Florrie
 And of Sophie and of Jennie.
 And the face of Mrs Woodman
 Looks as though some hapless student
 Bravely tendered forth a banknote.
 And demanded silver for it.
 If still further you should ask me
 Why this gloom has come upon them,
 I will answer—I will tell you—
 I will answer all your queries
 Straightway, in such words as follows.

In the Concert-hall above us,
 In that place of shame and torture,
 There are rows and rows of tables—
 Tables all replete with paper—
 Scribbling paper, so they call it—
 Paper for the luckless students
 Who invade that hall of torments.
 Shortly they will venture up there,
 Armed with pencils and with rubbers,
 Armed with throbbing hearts and headaches,
 There to wrestle with the questions—
 Awful questions—that are given.
 That is why their looks are mournful,
 Why they feverishly mutter
 And become so "agitato."

'Tis the day of judgment for them—
 Elements Examination.

'Tis the byword of the building—
 Awful byword of the building;
 That is why their faces whiten,
 Why they clasp their small Macphersons.

M. J. E. M.

I Wonder

who is said to resemble Felix the Cat, and
 whether rabbit-skin gloves help one to drive a car?

* * * *

whether the insurance company intend to pay up?

* * * *

whether the railway strike really was responsible
 for all the latenesses it was blamed for?

* * * *

when the "prodigy" intends to give up using
 scissors, and adopt a razor?

* * * *

if the M.C. enjoyed himself with the streamers at
 the Fancy Dress Carnival?

* * * *

who tried to sit out on the roof on the same
 occasion?

* * * *

who thinks Sir Henry is "a perfect lamb"?

* * * *

if the demi-gods of the orchestra like being moved
 about on Friday afternoons?

* * * *

who the new young lady is, who has captured the
 heart of the susceptibles?

* * * *

whether her nickname bears a striking resem-
 blance to the title of a musical comedy running
 in town?

* * * *

who writes poetry of the "skies, eyes, heart, part,
 above, love," variety, and if they are having
 treatment for it?

* * * *

who does not like High Street, Marylebone, and if
 that has any connection with someone being "out
 of the running"?

* * * *

whether it broke Hugo's heart to part with his
 "tooth-brush"?

* * * *

how many people said, on hearing of Mr.
 MacEwen's appointment, "Of course, I've known
 for ages"?

* * * *

if John really needs a purse, and why he sent the
 lady a safety-pin?

Opera in English

WE sometimes wonder, while listening from our exalted seat at Covent Garden, by what principles the translator constructs his version. Are there any guiding rules for the translating of opera from one language into another? If so, we venture to suggest that the time has come for their revision, or, better still, for the substitution of an entirely new set. So inadequate, even grotesque, are some of the translations used nowadays, that we almost get the impression that the writer does not regard it as at all necessary that his work should be a literary achievement.

The work of a translator of operatic libretti is no easy one. It differs from that of the translator of drama in that not only must he find the best equivalent for each phrase of the original, but the musical accent also requires consideration when making his choice. This provides him with, we should imagine, quite a big enough problem, but we find him doubling his difficulty by attempting to make his lines rhyme. Some of the results of such efforts are comical in the extreme, as in an opera founded on the classic legend of Hero and Leander, where one of the characters announces with becoming gravity that "the waves of the Bosphorus were shining with phosphorus." Ingenious, but rather humorous for a tragic opera!

When we find such men of letters as Barrie and Galsworthy devoting a large part of their talents to the stage, the dramatic side of opera leaves much to be desired. There are, no doubt, many reasons for this, but we venture to think that the bad translation of foreign operas is no inconsiderable factor.

Opera is, of course, primarily musical, but it is not wholly so, and it seems a pity that, by its translation into our language, we should be denied the full enjoyment of the work granted to the auditors of its original version.

It is true that the original libretti of some of the older operas are not of a very high literary standard, but the music is often so beautiful that they have become more or less of an institution in this country. In cases of this description, surely even a little latitude might be allowed to make the libretto worthy of the music.

We read with pleasure, in a recent edition of "The Times," an article of appreciation of the Gilbert Murray libretto of Rutland Boughton's opera, "Alkestis." Here is a composer who is obviously in full agreement with the progress of modern vocal writing; his

"Immortal Hour" being obviously inspired by the mystically beautiful words of Fiona Macleod, so that the result might be termed the musical complement of the words—a real music-drama.

This is in the nature of a digression, since we hear in the Rutland Boughton operas, the words originally set; but the enjoyment of operatic music is so enhanced by the addition of really fine literature that it feeds our desire for this to be the rule, not the exception; and—if we may be forgiven for speaking generally for a moment—it is good to feel that song-writers of to-day recognise the claims of the literary side of vocal music. We find them setting some of the finest passages of the old and the best contemporary poets, and, as a result, the equipment of a successful singer nowadays consists of more than a good voice and a dramatic temperament. In other words, singing has so essentially become something of the intellect as well as the physical expression of emotion, that—returning to our plight—it is inconceivable for us to think that we have no capable men who are sufficiently interested in opera to provide us with something better than (opening "Aida" at random)—

"Tremble, slave, would thy heart I saw breaking,
On thy mad passion life thou art staking."

D. E.

The Academite Competition

THE Editor announces with pleasure the result of the recent competition. The prize was awarded to Miss Peggie Robb-Smith, for her charming little story which we publish in this issue.

Owing to the success of the competition, we have decided to run it again, in connection with our next number. The same rules again apply. The prize will be awarded to the sender of the best original contribution to THE ACADEMITE. As the British National Opera Company have finished their season, the winner will receive two stalls for any West End theatre he or she chooses. One bright reader suggests that, if we offer prizes of the same type as the Golden Ballot—i.e., a cottage in the country, a tiled bathroom, or a Cook's tour to the Solomon Islands—we might hope for a few entrants; but we shall be delighted if the response to this competition is as good as was given to our last. Mr. Corder and Mr. Farjeon have again consented to act as judges.

The Academy As It Is Not

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By Harry Farjeon

ACT III.—THE EXAMINATION ROOM.

*Scene: The Pianoforte Examination Room.
Professors Smashkees, Koakskees, and Ticklekees
discovered*

S.—I fear that last poor child was not altogether happy.
T.—You shouldn't have asked her to play Middle C, Koakskees; you really shouldn't. It was obvious she hadn't practised it!
K.—I get carried away, I confess.
T.—I believe in letting them choose their note. It's kinder.
S.—Kindness, Koakskees, is never misplaced.
T.—It cannot be carried too far.
K.—I know, I know. I did offer her a chocolate.
T.—That was afterwards. Too late.
S.—Too late!
K.—But we passed her all right.
T.—Of course we passed her. But I can't be sure that she will look back on her time with us as an altogether happy time.
S.—It's a horrid thought. (Bell outside.)
T.—Ah, the next candidate's ready. Get out your cards.
(Enter Bella Blossom. Examiners cluster round, saying, "How do you do?" and "I hope you're feeling fit.")
B.—Your examination cards, please.
ALL—Certainly.
B.—Oh, I say, this won't do, you know. I can't be examined by Professor Ticklekees. I'm a Koaksite.
T.—That won't matter, bless you. It won't make the least difference.
K.—Still, it doesn't seem quite fair, does it, Smashkees?
S.—No, it doesn't. I don't think Ticklekees or I ought to vote. We'll leave the voting to you.
B.—I should like it arranged in this way. You two mustn't vote against me, but you may vote for me—I'll allow that. I'm not unreasonable.
T.—The notion is excellent. And Koakskees—
B.—can vote as he pleases.
S.—Then that's settled. Now, make yourself comfortable, my dear Miss Blossom.
(They bring cushions, and prop her with these on the music-stool. They then stand

round the piano, T. with smelling-salts, K. with cup of tea, and S. with a flower.)
K.—Well, are you ready?
(B. gets up again, flopping the cushions on floor.)
B.—Oh, I forgot to say this. I'm in for Bronze, Silver, and Certificate this time—all at once. I can't go wasting three years here, you know.
T.—We could hardly expect it of her.
S.—Three years is a long time.
K.—The public would get impatient.
B.—Then is that all right?
T.—With one slight modification, my dear young lady.
B. (frowning)—I brook no modification.
(All consult together.)
T. (timidly)—We thought—
B.—It's not your business to think. You're here to examine.
K.—It's like this. Everybody gets certificates. We'd rather like to add the Macfarren Medal—
S.—That is, if you pass.
K.—Which we are sure you will.
S. & T.—Oh, sure.
B.—Well, as a concession, you may. Now let us get on.
(Settling on stool as before.)
S.—Are you going to play us a little tune?
T.—That will be so nice of you.
K.—We do like to have a bit of music occasionally, between meals—when we can get it.
B.—I'm afraid I don't know anything without my notes.
S.—Come now, I'm sure you can remember something.
B.—No, really.
T.—We shall be very disappointed.
B.—I'm not holding back for swank, and all that, but I really can't. And I'm afraid I must be going. Mamma will be getting anxious.
T.—Some exercises, then.
B.—Oh, well—if you like.
S.—That's a dear young lady! Now, then, play us a note on the piano.
B.—A note?
S.—Any note.
B.—On the piano?
S.—We'd prefer to have it on the piano.
B.—Any note on the piano? And how do you expect me, pray, in the excitement and flutter of the examination room, to be able to decide which note? Do be more explicit.
K.—Well, play us Middle C.
B.—Middle C? Why should it be Middle C? Why can't I play whichever C I like? These rules, these rules—

- T.—Then play any C you like, Miss Blossom.
 B. (becoming hysterical)—I don't like any C. I hate C. I always have hated C. I don't know why you should pitch on C. I shall complain to the Principal.
 S.—There, there, there! (Offers flower to smell. She snatches it, and throws it to the ground.)
 T.—Here, here, here! (Offers smelling-salts. She forces them into his face, and he retires, spluttering.)
 B.—I'm going home. You've been at me half an hour, and I think you ought to be able to make up your minds.
 K.—A few questions on touch, perhaps—
 B.—Oh, fire away.
 S.—Why does one raise the hands as high as possible before the attack?
 B.—So that the audience may see them, of course. My hands are considered exceptionally fascinating.
 T.—Why does one writhe and wriggle above the ivories after striking a semibreve?
 B.—It expresses yearning.
 T.—Yearning?
 B.—Yes—look. (Business.) Unassisted sound can't yearn like that.
 K.—Explain rotary motion.
 B.—At impact, sufficient volition must be engendered to impart impetus semi-circularly to the unemployed digits, which must successively transmit their vibratory message while preserving the equilibrium of the central axis.
 K.—Could you elaborate that simple statement?
 B.—Take a dose of Mothersill and roll away.
 S.—Now, Miss Blossom—
 B.—I really can't stay here all day, talking to a pack of silly old men.
 T.—No, she can't can she?
 B.—So toot-a-loo. See you on Prize Day.
 ALL—Good-by-ee. (Exit B. while K. calls after her).
 K.—You haven't had your tea.
 T.—She hasn't had her tea.
 S.—I must say, Koakskees, you might have remembered that before.
 T.—Deuced unkind to the poor child, I call it.
 S.—Might have put her off her exam. entirely.
 T.—Sympathy, Koakskees, is what you need to learn.
 K.—But we'll pass her.
 T.—Of course we'll pass her. But I can't be sure that she will look back on her time with us as an altogether happy time.
 S.—It's a horrid thought. (Bell outside.)
 T.—Ah, the next candidate's ready. Get out your cards.

CURTAIN

A Coalition Catalogue

IT is my privilege to come up to the R.A.M. every week from the North Midlands. Season tickets being a considerable item, a friend, who is a coal merchant, kindly offered to provide me with a trader's contract. I accepted the offer gladly, but was then faced with the problem of convincing the railway authorities of my *bona fides*. After much consideration, I decided that a catalogue of my goods would be most satisfactory. The following is the result of my cogitations :—

Messrs. COALYARD & COALYARD, Ltd.,
 Lyre and Fool Merchants.

Trade Mark : "Tone."

Telegraphic Address : "Liars, Sheffield."

STOCK LIST.

Alard Nuts	Hard to crack.
Bach Brights	Make fingers glow.
Beethoven	Best household.
Brahms	Full of warmth.
Carse	Good nursery.
Corelli	For schoolrooms.
de Beriot	Extensively used on November 5th.
Dale	Clean to the touch.
Elgar	Suitable for large halls.
Fiorillo	For daily stoking.
Grieg	Gives a cheerful glow.
Ireland	Best steam.
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"STEELOPOLIS."

Mrs. Woodhill's Cookery Corner

HARRIED WHITING.—Choose a good plump fish—one is sufficient for any number of people—and prepare the "tail" in the usual way.

Place in any warm institution for a week or two, according to the size; season with tact and "esprit de jeunesse," in order to prevent the whiting from being too harried, and see that the institution has glass doors.

It should be noted that, as the palate becomes accustomed to the dish, the whiting will probably become less harried, but this in no way detracts from its good qualities.

It should not be served too hot.

SPRING GREENS.—This recipe is highly recommended for greens that are slightly frost-bitten.

Deposit the Green in a sheltered receptacle, well shielded from draughts, but with free access to all shining lights.

Leave as long as possible, but stir well on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, taking care that on the latter occasion the stirring is done with a Wood-en instrument. Do not allow the Green to boil.

Powder with politeness to Principals, and season with superiority to students. Do not try to hurry in any way, and serve in small quantities.

SECRETARY SOUP.—This may be either thick or clear, according to the ingredients put into it, and it should always be kept in a warm pan. Choose good stock, and add plentiful supplies of Scotch broth from time to time. The soup should never be allowed to settle, and should be stirred continually.

If a large quantity of soup is required from one Secretary, it will be found necessary to add a typist or two, in order to bring out the flavour more strongly.

Serve any time between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.

OFFICE OYSTERS.—These may be of any age and size, from the office-boyster upwards; even a beaver oyster should not be discarded.

Place the oysters sufficiently close together that they may discuss current events and love affairs without interfering with the Secretary soup.

Should any require smoking, facilities should be provided elsewhere, preferably in the basement.

Prepare the oysters in the morning, and then allow them to stew gently all afternoon without interruption.

The smaller oysters are always ready to be served at least five minutes before the dinner Bell sounds.

ELEMENTS EGGS.—Put the eggs in a cool, shaded room, in absolute quiet, and arrange, if possible, that all are of the same degree of freshness, otherwise those that are less fresh will be ready before the others.

Stew for one hour each week, under the supervision of a C-Hicken, or an egg that has passed the March test. All eggs that cannot pass this test must be returned to stew for a further period, at the discretion of the C-Hicken in charge.

After the test has been passed, serve the eggs as quickly as possible with Greenish sauce.

WELSH RAREBIT.—There are many recipes for this dish—so many that in some institutions the "rare" has been entirely obliterated. Very little heat should be used in the making, as it is highly inflammable, and liable to explode if subjected to an excess.

If possible, let it simmer gently for three or four years, and, providing that it does not show too strong a tendency to retire within itself, add strong quantities of the English language.

Serve with a name of which at least one-half is unpronounceable.

JANE WOODHILL.

[Owing to the anticipated success of Mrs. Woodhill's Cookery Column, we have, at great expense, secured her services for our next issue, when she will give some Household Hints.—ED.]

Faithless Tommy

When finished was fair Daphne's stay,
And she had sailed across the bay,
Poor Tommy, as one stricken, lay
And wept his eyes out, night and day.
But soon there comes from U.S.A.
A lady, fair as flow'ry May,
Who wipes his scalding tears away.

What now should English Daphne say?

Should she kneel to him and pray
That his love may last for aye?
Or should she turn the other way,
And a diff'rent course essay—
Find another heart to sway?

"Nay, indeed," cries Daphne, "nay;

"Since ev'ry man has feet of clay,

"Why be bothered after they?

"Vive la joie! and let's be gay!—

"Tommy, you may run and play!"

"The Greatest Gift"

A SHORT STORY.

THERE was great rejoicing in the city of Samarcand, in the Far East, for the King's eldest son, Prince Ahmed, had reached the age of one-and-twenty years, and there was none to compare with him, either in beauty or in valour. The King sent forth word that a great feast was to be given in his son's honour, to which all the people were invited; but each one must bring a gift to lay at the Prince's feet. Not one soul would be allowed within the Palace gates unless he bore a tribute of his love to the King's son. The news had travelled as though borne on wings, and the people of Samarcand laughed and danced in the fulness of their hearts.

But there was one who sat alone and was sad. This was Elkyra, the slave-girl. It was she who, each day at the hour of noon, was summoned to make sweet music for the King and his son, on her harp, ere they retired to rest.

And each day she grew to love the Prince more and more, and her heart grew heavy as she saw that his eyes were cold as they gazed upon her. Therefore was Elkyra sad, as she sat in her little garden; for she was without riches, and had no gift to bestow on Prince Ahmed—nothing, except her golden-harp, and that was dear to her as life itself; but even that she would sacrifice, to give him pleasure.

"This, then, shall be my gift," sighed Elkyra, as she tenderly touched the glittering strings.

And on the feast-day, Elkyra arose, and reached for her harp. But a cruel hand had torn the strings, and her precious gift lay shattered at her feet. The sun shone, but gave no warmth; the flowers were dressed in beauty, but Elkyra saw them not. The laughter of the people seemed as mockery in her ears. And as she leant against the lattice, for her heart seemed dead within her, a tiny bird came to rest near her window. As Elkyra listened to the sweet melody which came from its throbbing throat, her eyes became bright as jewels, and her heart beat high.

A lily grew in the garden of Elkyra, more fair and stately than all the other flowers, and, at the hour of twilight, Elkyra plucked the lily and bore it in her arms to the Palace.

But there were men at the gate who gazed with scorn on the slave-girl. "What gift hast thou for the Prince?" said one. "I bear this flower, the fairest in my garden," said Elkyra; and as the keeper of the gate beheld the whiteness of the lily, his eyes became dazzled, and his arm fell to his

side as though smitten with a disease. And Elkyra passed through the gate like a breath of cool, sweet air.

There were many assembled in the Palace, and they laughed and jeered as Elkyra came towards them. But when they looked on the lily, they became like dumb men, and their heads were bowed with shame.

Thus Elkyra came before the throne, where the King was seated in all his glory, with the Prince at his right hand. And the slave-girl knelt and laid the flower at the feet of the Prince. Then she stood up, as straight as a young tree in the spring-time, and from her throat, which was white even as a marble column, there came golden sounds, more beautiful than those of a bird. And a silence as of death reigned in the place. None there did know the words Elkyra's scarlet lips uttered, for she sang in a language strange to their ears. But the heart of the Prince, as he listened, was greatly stirred within him, and his eyes glowed as with a great fire.

And they that were assembled were astonished, and marvelled that Prince Ahmed should clasp the slave-girl to his heart. "PETER PIPER."

Have You Heard These?

It is related of Ernest Newman, the well-known musical critic, that, when he was judging at a festival in a small Scottish town, he had occasion, in the brass quartette class, to recall one of the quartettes. Three of the men were found, but it was only after much searching that the fourth was discovered in the local public-house. He was most unwilling to return, but was prevailed upon at last to do so. Passing Mr. Newman's chair, he glowered at him and said, "What d'ye ken about brass instruments? Can ye play a cornet?" "No," said the adjudicator, "and I can't lay an egg, but I can tell a good one from a bad one."

Dr. Johnson was partaking of a "dish" of tea at the house of a friend, who possessed a musical daughter. During the afternoon, the fond parent asked her offspring if she would play to the "dear Doctor." At the conclusion of the performance, Dr. Johnson said nothing. This did not please mamma, who, doubtless fishing for compliments, said, "Of course, Doctor, it was an extremely difficult piece." "Madam," he replied, "would to God it had been impossible!"

A school child was asked to define contralto. The reply was, "Contralto is the voice of a low woman."

A young lady with an ambition to become an opera-singer visited a well-known foreign professor, in order to have her voice tested. The process was an extremely short one. At its conclusion, the verdict was as follows: "My dear young lady, I am afraid it would not be wise for me to you advise to become a singer. Now, if you had on ze top vat you lack on ze bottom, I could have made of you a great star."

At a recent performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Academy, the stage manager (a student) took a curtain call at the end of the performance. A dear old lady was overheard to ask her neighbour who the young man was. On being told he was the stage manager, she said, "I thought he was too young to be the author, my dear."

An Allegory

ALITTLE while ago I was lying in a meadow, idly playing with a four-leaved clover I had found. The sun was hot, and the air had a sleepy feeling; perhaps the hum of the insects had something to do with this, perhaps it was the magic power of the four-leaved clover, but at any rate a voice could be heard above the rhythmical rise and fall of the insects' humming. The voice was faint when it began to speak, but as my ears grew accustomed to it, it seemed to grow louder. I closed my eyes and listened, and this is what I heard:

"Once, a long, long time ago, there was an old thatched cottage on the very spot where you are lying. It stood quite alone; there was no other dwelling for a mile. On dark nights, labourers returning from their work in the surrounding fields would go quite a long distance out of their way to avoid passing this cottage, for, strange to say, although it was apparently occupied, its door was securely sealed by a thick wild-rose bush which grew outside. The garden, however, was beautifully neat, and the flowers which grew in it presented such a wealth of colouring, and showed such good taste in arrangement, that the country people whispered together that an old witch must live in the cottage—who else could pass that impenetrable door of thorns? All day long, in summer-time, someone in the cottage could be heard singing, and the sound of a spinning wheel was borne through the open window. Could a witch possess such a voice as that—a voice that made one feel sad because it was so sweet? And yet—and yet—Young boys determined to go and peep through the open window,

and, in spite of their mothers' fears, they went, only to be overcome with nameless dread, for at their approach the singing stopped, but the sound of the spinning-wheel went on, as if the spinner were watching and listening. Many people attempted to solve the mystery; the country-folk even agreed to set fire to the cottage, but fear held them back.

"One day, however, a little child escaped from his mother's care and ran away. He came to the cottage, and exclaimed in delight at the beautiful flowers. He filled his arms with blossoms, and ran into the cottage through the open door. Lo! the thorny screen had vanished.

"When the child was discovered late that night, he was asleep on the floor of the cottage; in his arms were the flowers he had gathered, and all around him were flowers—flowers of every country and every clime, filling the air with their fragrance, and almost numbing the sense with their fair colours.

"Next morning, all the folk came to see the cottage, and to discover, if possible, a trace of the mysterious owner. Everything had vanished, and all that could be seen was this clover-field."

The voice stopped; I opened my eyes—the sky was still blue, so blue that I had to close my eyes again for a moment to rest them. Yes, I still had my four-leaved clover; the insects hummed about me, and a lark sang. He rose higher and higher, until he was lost in the great blue heavens. The warm sunshine played upon my face; I shivered as I ran my fingers through the cool clover—cool still, in spite of the sun's heat. The horizon was soft and misty; I lay and watched for the tiny shapes that float out of the distance, and, as I lay, I wondered.

UNA GWYNNE.

London

The swallow, in her flight o'er silv'ry lake,
Thinks not of sister-sparrow in the glare
Of London's noonday, and the throbbing air
That seething crowds of men and traffic make;
But Beauty's kindly smile does not forsake
The city drab, but shows her nature fair
In sun-flecked leaves on warehouse walls so bare,
Or ringing bells that music deep do make.
She makes the city roofs in moonlight shine,
The river dimple under bridges low,
The clinging ivy pillars grey entwine.
The twilight lingers with a fading glow,
To kiss the drowsy houses which enshrine
The love of toilers in this world below.

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FOOTBALL.

WITH the object in view of our winning the Farjeon Cup from the Royal College of Music, the Academy Football Club has been reorganised, and such enthusiasm as is being now shown is unprecedented in the history of the Club. There have been exceptionally large attendances at all the practice games, and several of the players travel long distances to participate in them. In the meantime, recruiting is going on apace, and the membership list is steadily growing.

This is a very satisfactory state of affairs, but comparatively little can be done without support. Every single male student who can possibly do so is invited to join and attend practice games, which are held on Saturday mornings. Those who do not play themselves are requested to take an interest in the welfare of the Club, and to turn out in numbers to support us in our games, the dates of which will be posted on the notice-boards.

A most important factor in determining our strength is the new student. All new students who would like to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity for exercise and amusement should get into touch with the Secretary of the Club, who will only be too pleased to give them all the necessary information.

The Secretary and Treasurer of the Club is Mr. John M. Fraser, who will be responsible for the arranging of the fixtures, and to whom all subscriptions (half a crown per annum) should be paid. The Captaincy of the team has been taken over, in the meantime, by Mr. Frederick Newnham.

HOCKEY.

The Hockey Club, we are pleased to say, has been more of a success this season. This may be put down chiefly to greater individual keenness. Although there are fewer members than last year, and we have sometimes had difficulty in filling all the places, yet we have won all our recent matches, with the exception of one, which we drew.

The Club wish to state that they will be pleased to welcome students, who are not members, wishing to have an occasional practice game.

One word might be said regarding the team—a little more thought and steadiness, and greater care in passing, would help the team greatly in our coming important matches.

It has, no doubt, been noticed that the team have adopted red stockings. We hope they will make a favourable impression on the spectators.

CRICKET.

We understand the Secretary has great hopes of a successful season. Some interesting fixtures are being negotiated.

The Homer

MEN called the West a land of hope,
Of riches manifold,
And I believed, for was the sun
Not smothered down in gold?
So I believed and followed far
My thoughts into the West,
And there—oh, there I struggled, slaved,
And panned out as the rest!
But, when the heart's an empty sigh,
What good's a jingling purse?
When men are fortune-hunting wolves,
And no one cares a curse
Whether my luck be in or out,
Whether I sink, or swell
On a flowing tide of gain, or yet
Fight fair, or go to hell?
Men called the West the land of dreams,
And, b'lieve me, men spoke true:
Dreams of the folk one can't forget,
Dreams of a place one knew.
And I've been west, and ever west,
Through many a league of foam,
O'er many a weary, dusty mile,
Until I rounded home.
And here, at last, I've found content
With love commensurate;
Here may be petty troubles—but
They make the blessings great.
Life here is quieter, humbler, free
From futile haste and strain;
Here are my bruises soothed and healed,
And here will I remain! R. E. C.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ACADEMITE.

DEAR SIR,—May I bring to your notice the insufficiency of the telephone facilities in the Academy? The other day I waited while the recipients of three incoming calls were searched for, twenty minutes elapsing before the box was free. This seems to be a general complaint in the Academy. Could you bring this to the notice of someone who can deal with it?—Yours faithfully,
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"Geoffrey."—I'm sure the young student will understand that you can't afford to buy her an elaborate tea. A good plan is to patronise buns of the iced variety; they last a long time.

"Blue Eyes."—There is not room here to give the full curriculum for elocution students, but gardening and Girl Guide lessons are expected to be added to the list of subjects.

"Peter."—It is not advisable to keep choir rehearsals waiting while you speak to lady friends, but it has been done.

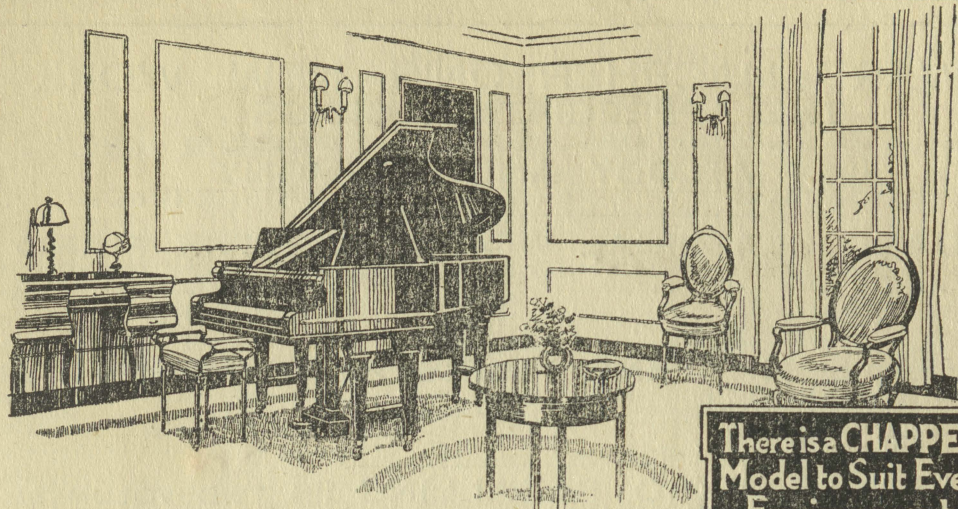
"Constant Reader."—A good hair wash may be obtained from Mrs. Woodman's coffee urn at the end of term.

"Fresher."—I am sorry to hear that you have been at the Academy for a term and a half, yet know so few people. Here are a few ways to attract attention:—(1) Have your hair shingled, well brilliantined, and brushed sleekly to your head, allowing your ears to peep through your dark locks. (2) Wear a vividly striped pleated skirt. (3) Borrow something from the library, and keep it for a term. (4) Attend orchestral rehearsals, and talk hard to your neighbour. For my men readers, I advise them (1) to cultivate a Byron collar and a drooping moustache; (2) a vibrant bass voice, and to use it any time and anywhere—a gesture with the right hand, to help the production, is an added attraction; (3) to send vouchers in for every concert, and then appear at as few as possible.

"Peggy."—The next Academy dance is in Summer term. Sitting-out places are certainly scarce, but a sensible surveyance of the corridors beforehand will help considerably.

"Guy."—I do not agree with you—to drop one's lunch is a most unpleasant way of attracting attention.

"Pauline."—No; all South Africans are not vegetarians.



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